

Orphaned

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Orphaned

by [AdrianaintheSnow](#)

Summary

Ranboo didn't know a lot. He didn't know much about his coven. He didn't remember much from when he was a human. He didn't even remember his sire's face. He did however, know that it was her blood on the floor.

Ranboo's sire died, which in most circumstances would mean he was going to follow after pretty quickly. Fortunately for him, he ends up with someone willing to take him on even though he's probably too far along in fledglinghood to get a replacement sire.

It's... a little awkward the person helping him totally murdered his sire in cold blood.

(This is Ranboo's backstory in my vampire AU Scorned.)

Notes

Look! It's a Ranboo backstory! :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Technoblade was NOT the second worst thing to happen to this orphan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ranboo didn't know a lot. He knew he was a vampire, and that he had been one for a good amount of time, though said amount of time was really nothing compared to most vampires. He was still a fledgling, but he thought he was maybe getting to the end of that. He still relied on his sire's blood, but he didn't need it as frequently and most of the physical features associated with being an adult vampire were fully in. At least, Ranboo was pretty sure. He honestly didn't know a whole lot about vampires despite being one for 3(?... 4?...5?) years.

He also didn't know much about his coven. He knew there were 11 members including him and he was currently the only fledgling in the bunch, but that was less because anyone had told him that or that he'd met all of them and more that he could separate out 10 different distinct strains of mixed blood whenever his sire or one of the other coven members he'd met fed him. He didn't really know what any of them did when they weren't with Ranboo. He knew they moved around a lot because every so often he'd be transported somewhere new, but other than that, he did not know.

Of course, it wasn't just vampire things he did not know. He had a lot of trouble remembering things from before when he was a human. He remembered his birthdate and his name. A locker combination. At least he thought that was what it was. He remembered eating ice cream on a beach with his... sister or friend or cousin. He remembered his dad left when he was 5, but he didn't remember why; he might have died. He didn't remember his mother's face.

Then again, he couldn't remember his sire's face, and he'd seen her... well, he hadn't starved to death, so recently.

No. Ranboo didn't know much, but he did know enough to realize something was wrong. He'd shoved his hands over his ears a long time ago, but he still could hear the sounds of fighting and screaming from outside the room. He was close enough to an adult vampire that his hearing was too good for simply putting his hands over his ears to impede it. Yet, even the newest of fledglings would have been able to smell the blood.

Ranboo was well acquainted with the blood being spilt outside his door even if he hadn't met every source of it. Whatever was happening, his coven was dying.

He was curled up in the corner of the room he assumed was his new room since his sire had put him here after moving from their last place and hadn't kicked him out of it yet. It was a slightly better room than the last one, mostly because it didn't smell of human blood. Human blood was weird. It kind of made him hungry and kind of made him constantly anxious... more than he was normally constantly anxious. It still wasn't great though. It was too dark to

see even as a vampire most of the time and was pretty small. He was pretty sure it was intended to be a closet or something.

The sounds of fighting slowly dying out was probably more anxiety inducing than the sounds of fighting were to begin with. Ranboo could smell 10 distinct blood sources and he was pretty sure whatever was killing them all was well aware they were missing one in the set.

The last of the screaming finally stopped, and Ranboo uncovered his ears to wrap his arms around his knees. He could hear one set of footsteps a bit down the hall from his room. They slowly, but inexorably moved closer. The doorknob rattled.

Ranboo wished his sire hadn't locked him in this room however long ago she'd left him here. He probably wouldn't have been able to run, but a chance would have been nice at least. The lock, of course, did not stop whatever was on the other side of the door. There was simply a loud sound of clashing metal, and the door popped open like it was nothing.

A man, a vampire, stood in the doorway covered in familiar blood and holding a sword with the same blood staining it. Ranboo wasn't sure if it was only the one vampire that had attacked, but considering this was the only one that seemed to be nearby, he definitely had mowed down at least half of Ranboo's coven singlehandedly. Considering they had all been fully fledged adult vampires, Ranboo doubted he was going to survive this one. He tucked his face into his knees and waited.

Nothing happened for a few seconds.

"Uh, hey," the vampire at the door spoke to Ranboo's surprise. Heavy footsteps drew nearer, but Ranboo did not look up. "Yeah, so. This is an awkward one..." he trailed off. Ranboo, against his better judgment, snuck a peak when he was silent for a few more seconds. The vampire had sheathed his sword at some point, not that this made him less intimidating with how he loomed over Ranboo. Despite Ranboo doing his best to not make it obvious he was looking, the vampire caught his gaze. "Uh, so, my name is Technoblade. What's yours?"

Ranboo stared at him.

"I'm not here to hurt you," he said.

Ranboo gave him a skeptical look, mouth hanging open for a second. He was *covered* in the blood of every single member of Ranboo's coven. "...You..." he croaked.

"I just killed every person who wronged my coven," he said, "but I don't do guilt by association, and this room smells like you haven't left it in weeks."

Ranboo shook his head. He hadn't.

"Not the best conditions for a fledgling," he noted, glanced at the small space. "Anyway, you can't stay here. You'll die. Up."

Ranboo hesitated for barely a second. He didn't exactly have a choice, he knew, and he did not know if the death threat was because someone else in his coven less merciful was liable

to come by and finish him off, or if he was just referencing Ranboo was going to starve to death if he stayed here. He still might now that his sire was dead. Either way, Ranboo was used to following orders unquestioning. His body basically moved to obey on its own the second it heard a command.

He stood. For all he was almost an adult vampire, his legs had not quite worked out the whole fluid movement even after being idle for a long-time thing yet, and he wobbled a bit awkwardly. Technoblade looked like he was going to reach out and grab Ranboo for a moment, but he didn't.

"Follow me," he said once Ranboo was on his feet, turning to exit Ranboo's room. Yet, he paused at the door and glanced back at Ranboo. "Ah," he said awkwardly. "Maybe don't... look while we walk. You can... hold onto the back of my cape and close your eyes. How about that?"

He'd still smell it, Ranboo thought. He already did. Yet, he obeyed anyway, reaching out a tentative hand to hold the vampire's cape and closing his eyes tight.

There was a soft tug against his grip and Ranboo took a stumbling step forward, following behind the man as he moved. Despite having lived in this place for... some amount of time, even the space directly outside of his room was unfamiliar. He had no way to guess where he was being led. He pretended to not be able to tell when Technoblade was maneuvering around bodies.

Eventually, they came to a halt. "Alright," Technoblade said. "You can open your eyes." Ranboo did and noticed they were in a hallway outside of a large room. There was a splatter of blood on the opposite side of the doorframe. His sires, he could tell. He could guess that she'd been killed in the large room, and then her body had been dragged down the hall in the opposite direction from where Ranboo and Technoblade had come.

He felt weird about that knowledge. He should probably be sad or at least worried since fledglings didn't exactly live long if their sires, let alone their entire covens, died, but he wasn't. Maybe he was in shock. Maybe he was just tired.

There were more pressing issues than his sire's death and Ranboo's likely starvation at the moment anyway. There were two other vampires in the room. Both were clearly tied to Technoblade, their coven bond much stronger than the one between Ranboo's own coven... had been. One of them had turned his attention to them and was staring at Ranboo with fully red eyes. Ranboo felt himself shudder under his gaze.

"Why?" the second vampire growled at Technoblade. He looked like he wanted to step closer or even lunge across the room at them, but something kept him tethered to the center of the room. Ranboo found himself trying to hide behind Technoblade.

Technoblade, to Ranboo's surprise, shifted to allow Ranboo to be fully hidden behind him. "Chill out," he told his coven member.

The other vampire leaned to the side to try to get a better look at Ranboo around Technoblade and hissed threateningly.

“Stand down,” Technoblade said.

“Why should I?”

“He’s a fledgling and half-starved at that, Wilbur,” Technoblade said. “He’s not a part of it.”

The second vampire just stared at Technoblade for a long moment, his eyes flickering to Ranboo briefly. He bared his teeth. “Keep him out of the fucking room,” he snapped, turning to start to pace back and forth.

Technoblade looked back at Ranboo and pushed him gently a few feet away from the doorway, so he was still in sight from inside the room, but almost pressed against the opposite wall. “Stay,” he ordered. “Seriously. Stay. Do not come into this room. Do not leave my sight. *Don’t* make me chase you down.”

Ranboo nodded earnestly. He did not want to know what would happen to him if he disobeyed any of those commands.

After a second more of staring Ranboo down, burning his orders into Ranboo with his eyes, Technoblade turned on his heel and strode into the room with purpose.

The third vampire in the room was on the floor. He had not looked up before, too focused on something in his arms. However, he did look up when Technoblade approached him. He shifted just enough that Ranboo saw what was in his arms.

Ranboo took a stumbling step back, actually hitting the wall this time. No wonder he was supposed to stay out of that room. He was honestly surprised he wasn’t being ripped to shreds just standing here.

In the middle of the blood-soaked room, in the third vampire’s arms, was a fledgling so new he still smelt of his own human blood. Ranboo did not get much of a look at him as he was gathered up in what had to be his sire’s arms and was covered in a large cloth, but Ranboo got a quick look at his pale face.

Ranboo knew less about being a sire than being a vampire, but he did know that sires would be extremely overprotective with a fledgling that new. Even Ranboo’s own sire had slashed one of her own coven member’s eyes out during Ranboo’s turning because he got too close without permission, and she’d never even *liked* Ranboo. Besides just knowing that, there was an instinctual urge to get as far away as possible now that he’d seen the fledgling. It was like his body knew how badly it could end for a non-coven member to be this close to a newly changed fledgling. Still, he kept the threat of Technoblade in his mind, and chose to stay as still and as quiet as possible instead of trying to bolt.

The vampire that had snapped at Ranboo, ‘Wilbur’ according to Technoblade, was on his feet, but was clearly unwilling to be more than 5 feet away from the two on the floor. He was agitated and on guard for anything that might attack them.

Technoblade crossed the invisible line drawn by his coven member and moved to kneel down by the sire and fledgling. He said quiet words Ranboo had no hope of making out even with

his sharpened hearing and bumped his and the sire's foreheads together. Technoblade's hand carefully touched the fledgling's cheek. The sire allowed the touch despite the fledgling's newness. He didn't even snap at him verbally.

How on Earth was Ranboo, an outsider, not dead while this close to a newborn?

He'd caught the attention of Wilbur, he realized, the man having stopped to stare with a burning expression. Ranboo quickly looked away and at his feet. He relied on listening for the next half an hour or so.

He felt something change in the air all of a sudden, though he couldn't put his finger on exactly what. The vampires in the room also noticed whatever it was, suddenly relaxing at least a little bit. Ranboo glanced up finally to see Wilbur stop with his vigil and sit down next to the sire and fledgling. Technoblade, on the other hand, stood up, and turned back to Ranboo.

Ranboo didn't move as he approached, staying close to the wall.

"Alright," he said with a sigh once he was in front of Ranboo. He took out a cell phone. "Let's see what we're going to do with you."

Ranboo didn't say anything for a long moment as Technoblade did something on his phone. "What..." he said softly after a second. "What just happened?"

Technoblade didn't glance up. "His body fully accepted the change. It ended up being a viable turning," he explained.

"Was it... possibly not going to be viable?" Ranboo asked.

Something flashed across Technoblade's face, and Ranboo immediately regretted his question. "He was too young for it," he said, "but we didn't really have a choice."

Ranboo decided to not ask any more questions.

"Come with me," Technoblade said after about a minute of staring at his phone.

Ranboo nodded and was led down the hall a bit more to another door. After a few minutes of walking, they ended up outside.

Ranboo hadn't been outside for more than a couple of seconds in a long time. He enjoyed the fresh air for the few minutes they stood there waiting.

Eventually, two cars pulled up in front of them. The drivers, both vampires, got out to walk over to Technoblade. The second driver handed Technoblade the keys. The first driver, however, Technoblade turned to.

"Take him to the apartment on 9th," he told her, and she nodded in agreement. Then, Technoblade turned to Ranboo. "I'll come by and check on you once things settle down."

"Okay," Ranboo agreed quietly. "Thank you."

He turned back to the drivers. “You should probably be out of here by the time we come back out.” He turned to the building without another word, and Ranboo was quickly ushered into the first car by the two vampires.

Chapter End Notes

Technoblade covered in the blood of this kid's entire cover: Hey... I have... games on my phone?

FEED the Boy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The two other vampires sat in the front seat while Ranboo sat in the back. It was a short car ride compared to what Ranboo was used to. Ranboo didn't often ride in vehicles, but the infrequent times he was put in one to move bases, he was usually stuck in the back of a moving van or in a trunk for hours. Today however, he could easily see through the car windows at the city outside despite the heavy tint on them. He stared outside at the large, unfamiliar (not that he remembered much about where he'd lived before being turned) city. There wasn't much traffic at this time of night, so they were only driving for about 10 minutes before they pulled into a large parking garage.

After a few moments of waiting, he was let out of the car by the driver. She led him by a hand on the shoulder towards an elevator. The elevator apparently couldn't be summoned without a key which Ranboo thought was odd as the driver inserted a key and turned it before the button would light up. She had to use a different key once they were in the elevator to select floor 25, the top floor.

Their trip up was uninterrupted, and after only a few moments, they were stepping out into a long hallway that had nothing but one door at the end of it. They led him to this door and a code was pressed into the keypad outside of it to open it. The only thing on the other side was a small closet sized room with nothing but another door on the other side. Ranboo half expected to be left in this small room, but the driver stepped forward with yet another key and opened the second door.

"You'll stay here for now," she said, pushing him softly into the room. "Technoblade will be by when he can." She reached over and flipped a light switch, illuminating most of the room Ranboo was now standing in.

"O-okay," Ranboo said. "Thank you."

The door was quickly pulled shut behind him without any other fanfare. He heard the sound of a lock click.

He turned to look at his surroundings. It seemed to be an apartment. What he could see of it was spacious and clean enough that he was pretty sure no one had lived in it recently. There was a large living room with giant windows that overlooked the city and what looked like a full-sized kitchen off to the side, though he couldn't be sure what all it had since there was a breakfast bar blocking off his line of sight. There was a door opening up into a dark hallway that must lead to other rooms.

Unsure where in the apartment he was allowed to go and not wanting to anger anyone, he chose to sit where he stood, back against the wall a couple of feet from the door.

It was only about an hour later when a loud noise startled him. Thick window shades started to descend to cover the large windows in the living room completely. Oh, it was sunrise, he realized, putting together the way sleep was starting to pull at him and the windows automatically being covered in this apartment owned by vampires.

He yawned, starting to feel drowsy as the morning began. He figured no one would be visiting during the day, so allowed himself tilt to the side and lay curled up in a ball on the floor. The pull of the sun had him succumbing to sleep within minutes.

The next time he was aware was when he jerked awake to the sound of the shades automatically opening again. The sudden movement strained the muscles in his neck, and he pushed himself into a seated position rubbing his neck. His body was not focused on soothing the aches from sleeping on the floor when it had been a good while since a feeding. It was a familiar feeling. Being hungry itself wouldn't hurt until about a week more, and he wouldn't *need* to be fed until a week or two after that, but he'd have to deal with any nonserious injuries or discomforts for about as long as a human would at this point, maybe longer.

He stretched out his legs to try to soothe out the soreness in his hips, but after a while, returned to sitting with his knees tucked to his chest against the wall. It did not take long for him to hear the first signs of life on this floor of the apartment building. He heard the elevator arrive on the floor and then heavy footsteps approaching. Considering the apartment was the only thing on this floor, he assumed the destination of the footsteps was this room. The outer door beeped as the code was pushed in and then there was a sound of a key turning in the lock of the inner door in front of Ranboo.

The door swung open, just barely missing hitting him. Ranboo looked up to meet the eyes of Technoblade once more.

Technoblade seemed surprised to see him for a moment. "What are you doing on the floor of the entryway?" he asked after a pause. He didn't sound angry, just confused, but Ranboo still tightened his hold on his knees in trepidation.

"I didn't know where I was allowed to be in here," he said softly.

"You can..." Technoblade said. "You're allowed in any part of the apartment."

"Oh."

Technoblade sighed. "Get up kid."

Ranboo scrambled to his feet immediately not wanting to screw up more than he already had.

"Chill," Technoblade said, putting one hand up, "You're good. No need to be all..." he gestured at Ranboo's tense form, "weird."

"Sorry," Ranboo replied, curling into himself in an effort to take up less space.

"Let's just, uh," Technoblade said. "Let's start with getting you fed."

It took a moment to process what Technoblade had just said. Ranboo had been... half expecting to just die of starvation. He still was if he was being honest. He was a fledgling of an enemy coven; Technoblade had no responsibility to feed him at all. Maybe if Technoblade and his coven felt merciful, they'd get someone outside of their coven and uninvolved with the conflict to feed him until he aged out of fledglinghood. Yet, Technoblade was already taking off his cape and hanging it on a hook near the door, clearly intending to feed Ranboo himself.

Also, it was way too early for a feeding. Ranboo's sire would have waited at least another two weeks or more before letting him drink again. Technoblade had to be able to sense Ranboo didn't have to be fed right now. Perhaps if Technoblade planned on keeping him, he wanted to establish some sort of claim immediately and that was the reason for the early feeding. Though, again, he was surprised Technoblade would want to keep him around in any capacity even if he didn't intend to kill him or even just let him die.

The exact reasons didn't matter though; Ranboo wouldn't think to argue. "Okay," he agreed. "Thank you."

"Alright, cool. So, wrist will probably be the least weird," Technoblade said, already working on unbuttoning the cuffs on his shirtsleeves.

Ranboo nodded. "Yes sir," he replied and sank to his knees in front of him.

There was a long heavy silence. "Yeah, no," Technoblade said slowly, "I'm going to have to veto that one. That is a little awkward for me, not gonna lie. How about you go sit on the couch, and we'll figure it out from there?"

Ranboo nodded without looking up at him and got to his feet. He turned to face the living room and tentatively stepped into it. His shoes sunk into off-white carpet, and he wondered if he should have taken off his shoes at the door, but it was too late now. He was already halfway to the couch. He wasn't sure where exactly on the couch he should sit, so he took a chance and just sat on the side nearest to the door.

Technoblade didn't move until Ranboo had settled and then walked around the coffee table to take the seat on the other side of the couch.

They stared at each other for a long moment.

"Uh, here," Technoblade said, sticking out an arm. Ranboo looked at the arm and hesitated for a long moment. "Go ahead," he said.

Ranboo leaned forward cautiously at the encouragement and carefully bit down on the offered wrist.

He'd been able to ignore the hunger he'd felt before, but the moment blood touched his tongue, the empty pit in his stomach roared to life with an aching burn that demanded it be filled now. Still, he went slow, swallowing tentatively every few seconds. He started to feel a tingle in his neck as his body tentatively shoved a bit of energy at healing the aches in his muscles.

A hand touched the back of his head, and he jerked back instantly to avoid being pried off by force. "Sorry," he gasped, spitting some of the blood up on accident in his haste to get the word out. "S-sorry." The blood left wet splotches on the older vampire's white shirt.

"You're fine," the vampire said, calmly, putting both hands up; Ranboo twitched at the movement. "It's my bad. I should have asked first before touching you." One of the hands drew away to pull a black handkerchief out of his pocket. He offered it to Ranboo with a flutter.

"Thanks," Ranboo whispered, cautiously taking it with shaky hands to wipe his mouth.

"Breathing helps too," Technoblade said, "especially at your age." Ranboo did his best to suck in a few harsh breaths. After a few seconds, Technoblade reached forward to take the handkerchief back. He dabbed at where Ranboo had speckled his shirt with blood, not that it did much, and then set it aside. "Alright," he said looking up at Ranboo. "Ready to try that again?"

Ranboo looked up at him in shock. "I..." he said, but then stopped, fingers digging into his pantlegs.

"What?"

"I thought when you touched the back of my head that you wanted me to stop," he explained. "That's what..."

"Ah," Technoblade said when he didn't continue his thought. "Uh, no. I was just... It feels a little weird to not... do something like that. I wasn't trying to make you stop. There's no way you can be anywhere near full just from that."

He wasn't full of course. Not at all, but that wasn't unfamiliar. He looked down at the couch cushion.

"Here," Technoblade said, "do you mind if I try again?" Ranboo stared at the hand raised in confusion. Obviously, he wasn't talking about the feeding as the hand was the wrong one, but why did he want to put his hand on Ranboo's head? Why had he put his hand on Ranboo's head before?

Ranboo nodded hesitantly, and Technoblade returned the hand to the back of his head. It lingered there, steady and warm for a few seconds. Ranboo waited for something to happen, but it never did.

"This alright?" Technoblade asked.

Ranboo nodded, still confused.

"Good," Technoblade said. "Now let's try to feed you again." He gently pulled his head forward with the hand in his hair while offering the opposite wrist.

Ranboo was even more careful and slow this time, really not wanting to anger him when he already held Ranboo's skull in his hand. All Technoblade did though, was rub gentle circles

on the back of Ranboo's head with a thumb.

Ranboo was never ripped off or told to stop. No, Technoblade let him go until he was full. Ranboo was the one who eventually drew back a bit when he was finished, pushing back lightly against the hand on his head. Techno took that as a cue to pull his wrist away.

Surprisingly, when he took the wrist away, he did not retract his other hand or stop the soothing circles being rubbed into his hair. Ranboo sat still, allowing the touch as he stared at his own lap, confused.

"This still alright?" Technoblade asked after a moment.

Ranboo let his eyes drift closed. "Yeah," he whispered.

"I'm going to wipe your face off now, if that's okay."

"Sure." He felt a bit listless now, his body almost confused by how full it was. Knotted muscles relaxed and fixed themselves while days old bruises tingled as they faded leaving him feeling boneless.

He distantly recognized the same soft handkerchief from before swiping across his chin, and yet, still the gentle petting on his head didn't cease. He took a slow breath and pulled his legs up onto the couch, curling his arms around them. He continued to press his head towards the older vampire.

He laid his face on his knees, feeling undisputedly relaxed. It was shocking how easy it was to relax here in this strange place and having just fed from a strange vampire who had spilled a good amount of his coven's blood. But... but for once he was not only full, but the abject misery that always came after a feeding didn't creep up his spine.

"Are you alright?" Technoblade asked.

Ranboo nodded against his knees, not looking at him.

"Is there anything else you need right now?"

Ranboo shook his head.

"Alright." He still did not take away the hair petting. Eventually, he shifted a bit and Ranboo peeked up briefly to see him grab a nearby tablet with his free hand. Ranboo didn't try to look at what he was doing, but just closed his eyes and listened to the soft clicking sounds the device emitted as Technoblade used the touchscreen.

He held back a yawn despite having only just woken minute ago. The hand in his hair was warm and soothing and he was actually completely full for the first time he could remember.

He... wasn't going to starve, he realized belatedly. At least, probably not. Why feed him the first time if he wasn't going to be kept alive? The persistent thrum of anxiety about dying a slow death faded away leaving him even more drained. Yet he didn't sleep despite the warm

contentment tugging on him almost as strongly as the daylight would. He just let himself float in a haze.

A sharp ding from the device in Technoblade's hand made him jerk suddenly sometime later.

One side of Technoblade's mouth pulled up and he gave Ranboo's head one last pat before withdrawing completely. "It was just a delivery notification," he explained, though that explained nothing at all. "I'll be right back." Ranboo tilted his head slightly to watch as he got to his feet and moved towards the door.

He grabbed a bag that had been set on the floor outside the apartment and then closed and locked the door again before turning back to Ranboo. Despite his enhanced senses, it took Ranboo a couple of seconds to figure out exactly what was in the bag. In fact, Technoblade was already pulling out paper plates and plastic utensils before Ranboo fully processed the fact that there was human food being set out in front of him, and a lot of it too.

"I wasn't sure what to get," Technoblade said. "So, I just ordered one of everything from the vampire approved menu."

"The vampire approved menu?" Ranboo asked.

Technoblade shrugged. "It's a pre-approved location. They're accommodating."

"The Chinese... *restaurant* is accommodating to vampires?"

"Yes."

"Vampires don't eat human food."

Technoblade raised an eyebrow. "Vampires with fully matured bodies don't need to eat, but eating human food helps us to recover from injuries faster and a lot of us like the taste. Vampire fledglings who still look 10-years-old absolutely do need to eat."

Ranboo... knew that in theory. Since he'd been turned young, he'd need human food in order to physically mature. He'd even gotten some food every so often from his ex-coven, but it had never been a priority. His sire had said he could deal with it himself once he was out of fledglinghood.

Now, he stared mutely at the food being laid out in front of him. He was hungry, he realized, but it wasn't the same type of hungry he'd been before Technoblade had given him blood. It was similar but distinct and so familiar at this point that his body had let the feeling fade into the background until the prospect of the ache being soothed was right in front of him.

Once all of the food was opened, Technoblade rejoined him on the couch. Ranboo looked over and stared at him.

"You're the only one here that needs to eat human food," Technoblade pointed out. "Go ahead."

Cautiously, Ranboo grabbed one of the paper plates and a container of rice. He carefully scooped some out and then grabbed one of the other containers. He took a bit of everything, not even sure what all of it was, just that it was food. His plate was soon filled but it looked like he'd barely taken anything from the table. He glanced at Technoblade for approval before taking a bite.

He allowed himself to give in to the instinct to eat a bit faster in this situation since the plate wasn't going to get mad at him for eating too much or too quickly.

He noticed Technoblade reach forward to grab an eggroll and bite into it idly as he watched Ranboo eat.

Eventually, Ranboo slowed himself down, unsure how introducing food to a stomach that hadn't had any at all in years would react to him eating fast. Then again, he had filled his stomach with something recently even if it wasn't food and he really didn't know how vampires worked, so he might not have gotten sick from it. Still, throwing up on Technoblade seemed to not be the best course of action here.

So," Technoblade said once he noticed Ranboo was taking slower bites. "We should probably talk about where things go from here."

Ranboo paused and glanced at him.

"I assume you don't have anyone else to go to," Technoblade said.

Ranboo shook his head. If he did, he didn't remember them.

"How far along are you in fledglinghood?"

Ranboo shrugged. "I..." he said. "I don't know. Things are blurry, but I think I'm far in. I have maybe a year or so left? I don't need to feed as often anymore."

Technoblade nodded. "My coven will make sure you're cared for at least until you age out of fledglinghood," he said. "It's..." He hesitated, awkward for obvious reasons, "difficult to lose a coven and sire, especially at your age, but you'll be alright."

Ranboo ducked his head. "Thanks," he said.

"It's..." he continued. "I don't want you to feel as though we're keeping you hostage, but... you can't really go outside. At least not with supervision. You'd probably accidentally kill a lot of humans with your fledgling instincts. You'll have to stay here for the most part, okay?"

"I understand," Ranboo said.

Technoblade nodded again and then reached for the tablet he'd been using earlier. "I set this up for you," he said. "It has basic controls for the apartment like the lights, the television, and the window shades." He pushed a button that brought up a control panel. "The shades can't be overridden during the day though for your own safety. The apartment is stocked with some basic nonperishable human food, clothing, and toiletries, but I set you up an account with a nearby shop where you can buy whatever you need and went ahead and ordered some

perishable basic foods. Anything you order will be delivered. There are two doors and delivery services will have a code to get through the first and will put it in the hall between the two. They'll notify you on the tablet once it's been delivered and they're clear like they did with the Chinese food. You'll be able to unlock the inner door once they leave to get whatever was delivered. I've also given you a pre-approved list of restaurants that can deliver in the same way. They and the shop are all bookmarked," He clicked on an app and a list of restaurants immediately popped up. "We can add other places if you want them. You're signed up with the shop and all of the restaurants with a prepaid credit card. It'll have \$5000 on it a month, but if you need more, just tell me. For anything else you need, feel free to text me. My number is in the tablet already." He exited to the home screen and then pointed at the messages icon. "If it's an emergency and I don't answer, send a message through this app." He clicked an app next to the messages. "It'll go to everyone in the coven. You're free to install any apps you want. I've logged you into Netflix and Hulu and you can play things on the tablet or on the TV."

Ranboo looked at him, eyes wide on the tablet.

"You, uh, know how to use one of these, right?"

"I was born in the 2000s," Ranboo said.

"Right," Technoblade acknowledged. "How old are you by the way?"

"...What year is it?"

"2020," Technoblade answered.

"I'd be 17 then, I think."

"When were you turned exactly?"

"I don't know," Ranboo said. He couldn't remember a lot from being a vampire. Being a human was even fuzzier. He had spotty memories of being 8 and 11 and 12, but he wasn't sure when he'd been turned exactly. "I can't remember."

"You said you're almost done with being a fledgling?"

"Yeah, I think," he said.

Technoblade scowled. "I see." His face smoothed out a moment later, but it still made Ranboo a little nervous. "Finish eating and then I'll show you around the apartment."

Ranboo nodded and obeyed quickly. Luckily no more sparks of anger came from the older vampire as he finished the plate.

"Was that enough?" Technoblade asked once Ranboo finished.

Ranboo nodded.

"Alright, let's get this all packed up and put it in the fridge so you can have more later."

They packed up the huge amount of food and put it all in the refrigerator. Then, Technoblade showed him the bedroom with a huge comfy looking bed that he made a point to give Ranboo permission to use and the bathroom. He told him he could use anything in any of the many closets around the apartment and to be absolutely sure to ask if he needed anything else. They ended up back in the living room, Ranboo curled back up on the couch with a blanket that had been in the hall closet.

“I’m sorry that this visit has to be short.” It was the most Ranboo had talked to another person in... he didn’t even know how long. “Things are just a bit messy at home, but text me if you need anything. I’ll be back by to feed you again. Okay?”

Ranboo nodded. “Okay,” he said softly.

“Great, good,” he said. “Goodbye, uh...” he paused. “What is your name?”

“Ranboo,” Ranboo offered.

“Goodbye Ranboo. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Bye,” Ranboo replied, and then Technoblade was gone, leaving through the apartment door. Ranboo blinked after him. Did he just say he’d feed him again tomorrow?

Chapter End Notes

Techno: Kid pls stop being weird.

Ranboo: K. *Does something weirder*

Techno: Wrong direction! Go back! *Go back!*

Also.

Technoblade: I am doing good. I am getting an A in social interactions today.

Technoblade: Goodbye... hmm.

Technoblade: I am getting a B+ in social interactions today.

Always Explain Your Family Tree Before Leaving Town

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ranboo glanced over when he heard the apartment's front door unlocking and then opening. A couple of months ago, he'd have hopped to his feet at the sound, but now he stayed where he was on the couch. He did still reach over to his tablet and pause the show he'd been watching as Techno stepped into the apartment.

"Hey," Techno greeted.

"Hi," Ranboo said.

"How are you doing tonight?"

Ranboo shrugged, nuzzling his face into the soft blanket wrapped around him. He'd gotten in trouble for saying he was fine when he obviously wasn't a few weeks ago, but he still couldn't find it in himself to voice any complaints. So, he just gave a noncommittal answer that Techno would probably be able to interpret correctly at this point.

The last few weeks had been rough physically. It was a good sign in the long run, he knew, but right now he was suffering. He'd been underfed both with blood and food in his previous coven. Techno and even the other covens that called this city home didn't quite know what was happening to Ranboo, but they'd postulated that it was a sort of early weening strategy.

It was known that sometimes older fledglings might mature faster if their sires died, and they had limited access to blood. If their bodies were beyond a certain threshold, they'd finish fledglinghood earlier, but at a high cost. They'd usually be weaker for at least the beginning of their adult vampirehood, but at least they'd be alive.

Techno thought that his old coven had probably been trying to intentionally put him in this state, so he'd mature quicker. They'd fed him enough blood to keep him alive but made it scarce enough that his body tried to force itself into maturity so he could fend for himself instead of depending on an unreliable food source.

They'd fed him no human food at all, something that apparently was very important for fledglings that were below the normal turning age. Technically, vampires could age after their fledglinghood was over, but there was a reason most underaged fledgling bodies slowed down their turning process so they'd be fully grown by the time they were weaned.

Fully turned vampires had a harder time breaking down large amounts of human food. They could do a bit and often did to increase the pace at which they healed from injuries or just because they liked it, but their max was about one meal every couple of weeks, which would make it difficult to get enough nutrients processed to finish growing to physical adulthood after leaving the fledglinghood state.

Now, however, Techno came to feed him every day even though most fledglings didn't need to eat quite that much beyond the first couple of months. He also had plenty of human food. The kitchen constantly was stocked and Ranboo's favorite take-out place would deliver within 30 minutes. He was basically eating like a human even though, again, fledglings typically didn't need that much food even when they were still trying to grow.

Techno said it was good for him even though it was causing a little bit of pain right now.

His turning had slowed down dramatically now that he'd been eating regularly and well, like he was in a car speeding down the interstate that had suddenly slammed on its breaks. He certainly felt like he had whiplash. And maybe like he'd been hit by a semitruck.

His body was now trying to make up for lost time with parts of growth it had neglected to try to keep him alive.

His fingers hurt because his claws were growing in, usually a slow process over a few years, but for him it was all happening at once. He could actually see the change day by day.

Vampire skin was a bit sturdier than human skin, the hardening of which was a process that, again, usually took more time, but was happening quickly right now, and unevenly. Some of his skin was hardened while some was still softer and human, it made the human parts of his skin feel more sensitive and the harder parts feel like he was a crab in a too small shell.

Worst of all, he had enough nutrition that his body was able to make him physically grown taller and stronger. He'd grown 5 inches in the past month, and he was *still* growing. His muscles ached horribly and constantly. He could barely even sleep with it most nights.

"I brought you some presents," Techno said.

Ranboo felt himself perk up a bit at that and Techno smiled at him.

"First, I think you might find this interesting," he said, gesturing with a cup in his hands. Ranboo's eyes narrowed in on it and he recognized the logo immediately as the coffee shop and bakery that was apparently down the street. "It's a white chocolate chia," Techno said, offering it out to him along with a little white bag, "and I got you two of those chocolate filled croissant you like today."

Ranboo excitedly took the treats, ignoring the aching muscles in his arm as he reached for them.

"Only this once," Techno said. "You need to eat proper food to grow best, but it sounds like you had a rough night, so I figured one extra snack wouldn't hurt."

"Thank you," Ranboo said with a grin.

"I also brought you this," he said, pulling a box out from under his arm. Ranboo looked at it curiously, but he wasn't sure what it was just from looking at the box. "Here, let me open it."

He set it on the table in front of Ranboo and used the key to the apartment to tear through the tape. It wasn't long before he was pulling out a rectangle of grey fabric that was a bit smaller

than his torso. There was a cord coming out of one side and Ranboo watched as Techno bent to plug it into the outlet next to the couch.

“Here, where are you hurting most right now?” Techno asked, picking up the fabric.

“My chest has been hurting pretty bad,” Ranboo said. It felt like someone had taken a wire cutter to his ribs and then beat him with a bat.

Techno leaned forward to set it on his chest, though Ranboo did have to hug it to keep it against himself since he was sitting. It was heavier than expected and a bit bumpy. The weight was kind of nice though. “What is it?” Ranboo asked.

Techno pulled on the cord attached to it until he found a controller and brought it up so Ranboo could see. “It’s a heating pad,” Techno said. “This button makes it warm and this one makes it vibrate. I thought it’d help with the muscles.” He turned on the heat button to the medium setting.

The heating pad was quick to warm up. It only took a few seconds for Ranboo to start to be able to feel the warmth. He relaxed under it as it continued to warm, a purr bursting from his throat without him meaning to release it. It was still strange for him to feel the urge to purr instead of forcing himself to purr in an effort to placate another or as a self-soothing gesture, but this one bubbled up easily as he clutched the warmth to his chest.

“Yeah?” Techno asked, sounding a bit amused.

Ranboo opened his mouth, but he was purring too loudly to give a proper thank you.

Techno just chuckled. “I’m glad you like it. Go ahead and eat your croissants. I’m staying for a bit, so we don’t need to rush the feeding.”

Reminded, Ranboo turned his attention to the white paper bag. These croissants were Ranboo’s favorite thing he’d gotten to eat since Technoblade had taken him in. Considering he didn’t really remember much from before that, it was his favorite food ever as far as he knew. The bakery down the street made them every morning. They were soft and buttery and were injected with chocolate. Techno always asked that they warm them up when he ordered them, and the chocolate was still always melty by the time he made it to the apartment.

Techno moved to take a seat on the couch as Ranboo pulled out one of the pastries. “Going through the classic Disney movies?” he asked, nodding at the paused screen.

Ranboo nodded since his mouth was full.

“You can keep watching if you’d like.”

“I can,” Ranboo had to pause to cough between his mouth being a bit dry after swallowing too big of a bite and the impulse to be purring constantly. “I can restart it if you want.”

“Sure,” Techno agreed and Ranboo reached over to click the back button on the tablet so the movie would start over.

He didn't remember ever seeing the movie *101 Dalmatians*, but every so often a scene would feel familiar. It was one of the reasons he'd kept watching Disney movies after he'd randomly clicked on *The Little Mermaid* a couple of days back. Many of them were familiar even if he couldn't quite remember ever watching them.

Techno stayed for the entire movie. This wasn't something unusual. He stopped by every day and stayed for an extended time more often than not. They'd even binged entire series of television shows over the course of a couple of nights a few times.

Yet, Ranboo still managed to feel surprised about the fact that he was willing to stay with him for that long. He'd never just fed Ranboo and run even on the days where he was busy, and his visits were shorter. Techno probably spent more time with Ranboo in 2-3 days than his sire had ever spent with him the entire time Ranboo was a fledgling.

Once the movie was over, Techno let him feed and then they started another movie while waiting for Ranboo to get hungry for human food. Yet, Ranboo didn't get to see much of the movie. Feedings gave his body just a little bit more energy to ease some of the worst aches in his bones and considering he hadn't slept the night before, he ended up napping.

He stirred when he heard Techno get up assumedly to grab take-out. "Do you want to eat now?" Techno asked, noticing him wake up. "Or would you like me to put it in the fridge?"

Ranboo yawned and then stretched, immediately wincing as his body protested. He was still half asleep, but the smell of the food was pulling him quickly towards consciousness. "I'll eat now," he said.

Techno had ordered him a burrito bowl with two burrito shells on the side, so if Ranboo wasn't prepared to eat, it would store well. He'd also ordered himself a chicken quesadilla, but only ate a third of it, leaving the rest to Ranboo.

He'd already made it through his part of the quesadilla and one of his burritos and was contemplating whether he should make the second burrito or putting it in the fridge for later, when Techno shifted, drawing Ranboo's attention to him.

"So..." he said, sounding a bit awkward. Ranboo forgot about the burrito, turning to face him. "I need to talk to you about something."

Ranboo's mind instinctually went straight to wondering if Techno was about to kick him out. He had been rather needy the past few weeks. He hadn't meant to be, but he had. His sire had always threatened him with being thrown out on the street when he wanted more attention and Ranboo had certainly been demanding more than that from Techno recently.

But then again, Techno had chosen to come here as often as he did. Ranboo didn't actually need to be fed every day, and he certainly didn't need Techno to sit with him to watch a Disney movie or to order him burritos. It would be a bit unfair for him to kick Ranboo out when Ranboo hadn't actually asked for any of the attention bestowed upon him. He liked it, yes, but he hadn't forced it at any point.

...

He didn't think...

"I'm uh," Techno was still speaking. "I'm going to have to be out of town for a couple of days, so I won't be able to come by."

Ranboo felt the vice around his chest loosen. Oh, that was all? Ranboo would miss him, sure, but he'd been left for weeks at a time before in a featureless small room with no way to reliably contact an adult vampire if something went wrong. Here he had plenty to do and could text Techno at any point (and technically the coven group chat too, never that he'd dared to do that before). Not getting blood for a couple of days would suck a bit considering it was the only thing that soothed his body aches, but it wouldn't be too bad.

"Oh, okay," Ranboo said. "That's fine. I'll be okay on my own for a couple of days."

"No," Techno said. "I won't be leaving you on your own. I'm not having you miss a feeding when your body's just starting to heal. I'm sending Phil to feed you tomorrow. I just didn't want to blindside you by having a strange vampire show up in your apartment."

"Oh," Ranboo said, surprised. He hadn't expected that, but Techno was always surprising him.

"You can text me if you need to," Techno said. "I'll try to make sure to be near the phone whenever it's possible especially around the time he's coming in case there's an issue, but Phil's nice."

Ranboo nodded. "Okay," he said. The idea of having another vampire in the apartment was honestly a bit frightening, but he was sure Techno had made sure to pick someone nice. Even if they weren't as nice as Techno thought, they'd doubtlessly be too scared of Techno to do anything too bad.

"Alright," Techno said. "Would you like to restart the movie since you slept through it?"

"Sure," Ranboo agreed. He put the knowledge that someone else would be feeding him tomorrow in the back of his mind for the moment.

Techno had told Ranboo that Phil would be coming around 1-2am the next night. Ranboo waited, curled up under the new heating pad he'd been given. He'd slept on the couch the day before, not wanting to go through the trouble of moving to the bed. The couch was comfy enough and even had a recliner built in.

His tablet beeped with the sound to notify him he had a text at about 1:10am. The contact that came up read 'Phil' though Ranboo wasn't sure when the name had been put in his contacts.

'Hello,' the text read. 'I've just arrived downstairs and am about to head up to your apartment. I know Techno said when I'd be coming, but I just wanted to give you fair warning. I know you're in a bit of pain at the moment, so no need to get up.'

Ranboo felt his heartrate spike even though he knew it would (probably) be fine. It's just that he hadn't seen any other vampires without Technoblade also present since Techno had taken him under his care.

Even those times he'd met other vampires with Techno were few and far in-between. Once or twice, one of the people who'd first drove him here had come into the apartment and a few times Techno had taken him out to the countryside where there were absolutely no humans around and had brought a few other vampires with them just in case of emergency. They'd all been nice to Ranboo, but also all of them were very respectful of Techno and since Ranboo was under Techno's protection, there was no way they'd do anything mean to him in his presence.

Ranboo could hear the first door to the apartment unlock and immediately tensed. He was expecting the vampire to just come in since they surely had the key to the inside door as well, but instead there was a light knock at the door.

"Hello," a voice called through the door. "May I come in?" The voice was light and rather cheery, but it still made Ranboo tense even more.

He shoved down his uneasiness, to call back. "Yes. You can come in."

Ranboo's unease came back in an instant, quickly slipping into fear when the door opened. The vampire at the door was a rather innocuous looking man if one wasn't paying attention. He had blond hair sticking out from a green hat with maybe just a bit of silver coming in though it was hard to tell as his hair was already so light. It was just long enough to pull back into a low ponytail and mostly well-groomed, though some wisps of hair had escaped the ponytail and had been shoved back behind his ear. He was much shorter than Techno, perhaps even shorter than Ranboo after Ranboo's growth spurt and had laugh lines around his eyes. His lips were turned up in a pleasant, welcoming, smile with no sign of fangs and his eyes were a bright blue. If it wasn't for how his body moved just a bit too cleanly, someone might mistake him for human at first sight.

Ranboo could not mistake him for human or even for a vampire anything less than... he didn't even know... centuries old, more probably. He was old. Ranboo knew this instinctually. He was the oldest vampire Ranboo had ever met and even though he had been sheltered for most of his vampire life, he was pretty sure he'd have been the oldest vampire anyone had met.

Ranboo could instantly tell without knowing how that he was powerful and dangerous and he was not Ranboo's coven. Techno was... maybe coven. Officially, they probably weren't. Ranboo was pretty sure there was more to it than that, but biologically, Ranboo had taken enough of Techno's blood for it to sort of count. Ranboo could sense a bit of Techno on the vampire in front of him, more than a bit really, but it wasn't particularly comforting because this was clearly not an underling or even just another coven member. This was Techno's sire.

He should get up.

He should not move at all.

He should retreat back into the bedroom.

He should not draw attention to himself.

(He couldn't not draw attention to himself. He was the only person in the room. There was no one else to pay attention to.)

He should get on the floor.

He should say something.

(He didn't know what.)

He should be absolutely quiet.

The decision of what action or lack of action he should take was made for him considering the older vampire was already next to the couch. "Here," the vampire said. A hand came at his face, and he flinched away. "If you drink a bit, it should help."

Ranboo couldn't tell what that was. Was that permission? An order? A trick?

The older vampire frowned and Ranboo cringed. The wrist was removed for a moment. Ranboo watched him bite his own wrist briefly and then pressed it back to his mouth. Instinct called Ranboo to bite down. He was hungry despite having only been fed the day before. He'd been spoiled and his body expected to be fed every day now. He resisted the desire, still unsure.

"Go ahead," the vampire urged. "Take a bit. It'll help."

Knowing an order when he heard one, Ranboo cautiously did. He was careful to only take a small amount though before closing his mouth again.

The older vampire frowned a bit when he did. "That's..." he said. "A lot of control you've got there." It didn't sound like a compliment, but he also didn't sound angry at least.

The vampire drew away slowly. He pulled out a handkerchief identical to the one Techno always had. He laid his wrist against his thigh and bent his head down to slowly wipe off the excess blood.

He was kneeling, Ranboo realized belatedly. He hadn't noticed in his panic, but the vampire had come to kneel in front of the couch. His gaze was currently carefully averted from Ranboo's own, and he was taking far longer than necessary to clean his wrist.

Ranboo felt himself calm at the nonthreatening position along with the fact that the vampire's blood was hitting Ranboo's system. He was still very, very aware that this vampire was more powerful than anyone Ranboo had ever met, but his body was reacting to the fact that Ranboo had been fed by him even just a bit, taking that to mean he wasn't a threat.

He wasn't coven, but he was Techno's coven which was somewhat close, and he'd fed Ranboo. It put him squarely in the powerful, but protector category, at least according to his

instincts. Ranboo couldn't help but still be nervous in his presence anyway, but it was better now that his instincts weren't clawing at the walls in fear.

The vampire's eyes flickered up to him. "Better?" he asked.

Ranboo nodded. "Sorry," he said quietly.

"You don't need to apologize," Phil said. "It's an instinct thing." He frowned. "It usually isn't that bad, but I guess it makes sense all things considered. You haven't had the best experiences with adult vampires so having a strange one like me in your space probably isn't very comfortable."

"Sorry," Ranboo said again.

"It's fine," the vampire said. "I'm Phil, by the way."

"Ranboo," Ranboo replied even though he had already known this was Phil and Phil had surely already known Ranboo was Ranboo.

"Hello Ranboo," Phil said with a smile. "Now, would you prefer to eat now or calm down for a bit first?"

Honestly, Ranboo still couldn't quite breathe right, but he wasn't going to waste Phil's time because he couldn't chill out. "Either way is fine," he said.

Phil studied him for a moment. "How about we wait for a bit," Phil suggested. "Techno tells me you've been watching some Disney movies."

Ranboo nodded.

"Have you seen *Tarzan* yet?"

Ranboo shook his hand.

"Well then, why don't we start that and watch it for a bit," Phil suggested.

"Sure," Ranboo agreed. "If you want to."

He nodded and got to his feet. "Do you mind if I sit on the other end of the couch?"

"Go ahead."

Phil sat, taking off his hat and setting it in his lap, and Ranboo grabbed his tablet to pull up the requested movie.

"Tarzan was the first film I ever saw," Phil commented.

"It was?" Ranboo asked.

"Well, not this version of Tarzan," Phil said flashing him a smile. "I watched the 1918 film the first time. It was a silent film in black and white."

“Oh,” Ranboo said. Despite being a vampire himself and being able to feel just how old Phil actually was, his still pretty human mind struggled to remember that Phil would have been around in 1918 to watch one of the first films ever. “Was it any good.”

Phil shrugged. “It was a marvel at the time. The Disney one is a lot better. Music’s pretty good too. That was something that definitely wasn’t there in the 1918 version.”

“Right,” Ranboo said. “Make’s sense.” He’d managed to find the movie and with another glance at the vampire next to him, pushed play.

The adrenaline that had shot through Ranboo when Phil entered the apartment slowly faded leaving him somehow even more achy than before. He turned up the heat of the heating pad on his lap and hugged it close as the movie began.

He snuck glances at Phil every so often. He seemed relaxed... for an old vampire. Which meant he seemed to forget to move or breathe and basically looked like a statue sitting on the couch. He slowly faded into the background of Ranboo’s mind as though he were really just a decorative statue in Ranboo’s space. It was so much so that Ranboo actually jumped when Phil suddenly turned his head to look at him about 30 minutes into the movie.

“Sorry,” Phil said when he noticed Ranboo had startled.

“It’s okay,” Ranboo said, taking a breath. He paused the movie for a moment. Techno was old too, but he didn’t really move like Phil. He wasn’t that old. Ranboo wasn’t used to stuff like that.

Phil studied him for a moment. “Would you like to eat now?” he asked. “Then we can watch the rest of the movie.”

Ranboo glanced at him and then at the screen. He was always surprised when Techno stayed for any amount of time. He was even more surprised that Phil planned to stay. Really, he was surprised the vampire had given him a chance to breathe after the fright of him coming into the apartment.

“Uh...” Ranboo said when he realized he hadn’t answered. “Yeah, sure.”

Phil nodded and moved, still in that sort of smooth odd way he did to offer his arm for the second time. Much like Techno always did, he reached out the other hand to touch him. He paused at the last moment before doing so and asked to make sure it was alright. Ranboo wondered if Techno had told him about how Ranboo had reacted the first time he’d been fed. Ranboo nodded his consent, and Phil put the hand on his shoulder before offering his wrist.

Also, like Techno, he didn’t remove the hand after Ranboo was done eating. It still surprised Ranboo just as much as it always did with Techno.

“Why don’t we order you some human food and finish the movie?” Phil suggested, hand still on his shoulder.

Ranboo nodded, used to this suggestion even though it was with a different person.

Unlike Techno, Phil didn't eat anything when the human food arrived, simply sitting next to Ranboo until he was finished and packing it up to put it in the refrigerator, so he didn't have to get off the couch.

"Techno will text you sometime later to check-in," Phil said, after closing the refrigerator and wiping down the countertop where some food had spilled transferring it to different containers. "Is there anything else you need before I leave?"

Ranboo shook his head. "Thank you for coming," Ranboo said.

"Of course," Phil replied. "You have my number. Don't be afraid to text or call if you need anything at all. Otherwise, I'll be back tomorrow at about the same time."

"Okay," Ranboo said with a nod, though really he hadn't needed anything since Techno had taken him in. He could pretty much get everything he needed himself with the tablet save blood, and Techno had just proven he would provide that in some way too even while out of town. "Thanks again."

"There is really no need to thank me," Phil said. He picked up his hat from the couch and clasped Ranboo on the shoulder one last time. "Have a nice rest of your night."

"Thanks. You too."

And with that, he was leaving the apartment with that same sort of grace he did everything.

Ranboo took a breath when he was gone. He wasn't as scary as he'd been when he'd first come in, but Phil was still very obviously old and powerful, and Ranboo couldn't help but be a bit relieved to be alone.

It was second best to having Techno there with him.

Chapter End Notes

Techno: I have done good. I have provided for the fledgling.

Phil: Did you remember to share the information that I'm older than most geological features?

Techno: Why?

Phil (a tired first time grandfather): I hope I wasn't this clueless with Wilbur.

Why You Should Be Careful When Letting Your Brother Babysit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was strange having adult fangs, Ranboo thought when he caught sight of himself in the bathroom mirror while washing his hands. He'd lost his fledgling fangs and gained his adult ones over 3 months ago now, but it was still odd seeing them in his face.

Fledgling fangs were grown quickly during the initial change. They were a lot smaller, but they also were more ridged. They were suited to ripping into meals that had tougher skin and healed quickly. They'd absolutely shred a human's flesh if they bit into one.

Adult fangs developed slowly throughout fledglinghood before pushing out the baby fangs roughly 8-12 months before the change was complete. They were larger, but better suited to biting humans without maiming them.

Both sets of fangs retracted when not being used, but while fledgling teeth appeared around the size of human canines when not extended, adult ones stuck out a bit further even when fully retracted.

Getting one's adult fangs was one the last major physical change for vampires before they were fully fledged. Though, for Ranboo... things were odd. His growth pattern had just been too weird, and they weren't sure if growing his adult fangs meant he was actually 8-12 months out or not.

It didn't help that the 8-12 months wasn't a hard and fast rule. The time could vary widely. Some vampires didn't even get adult fangs until they were fully fledged and drinking from humans.

Techno had been worried for a while that that would be the case for Ranboo. It took about a full week for adult fangs to grow in after the fledgling ones fell out and that wasn't counting for how sensitive his mouth was on either side of that time.

Normal fledglings were supposed to be fed 1-2 times a day at the beginning and eventually would only need to eat 3 times a week as they aged. Once on human blood, vampires really only needed to feed once every 2-3 weeks and they could push it to a month without getting uncomfortable.

Before Techno, Ranboo hadn't been getting enough food. He couldn't have risked missing a feeding because of sore or missing teeth. It wouldn't have been a surprise if his body waited until he was on a more stable diet of human blood to push out his adult teeth.

That hadn't happened though. Like with his sudden growth spurts, his body had taken being fed with both blood and human food every day for months as a signal that it was safe to lose his fledgling teeth. He could miss a feeding or two and he'd be okay. He was being cared for.

Of course, Techno hadn't let him go unfed even those days.

It was a relief to have them before he needed to start drinking human blood. He'd be able to start learning how to feed himself without hurting humans as soon as he could process their blood.

Still, they had no idea what that meant for his development. Everything was just so uneven.

He was supposed to stop any physical growth before losing his teeth, but he'd still gained two inches since his teeth had come in. He was taller than Techno now.

He'd spent three days bumping into furniture because one of his eyes had developed to see things differently and the other one hadn't gotten the memo.

There was still one patch of skin on the top of his head that was softer than it was supposed to be. Techno sometimes accidentally brushed it during feedings, and it always made Ranboo jump. It didn't hurt; it was just weird.

Ranboo sighed and grabbed his toothbrush to brush the fangs he'd just been staring at.

That was the last part of his evening routine, so he wandered out into the living room. The tablet on the couch dinged with Techno's text tone, and Ranboo felt himself perk up.

Techno had been gone for 3 days and would be coming back tomorrow. Phil had been feeding Ranboo while he'd been gone, but Techno had still made sure to send check-in texts every night.

Ranboo sat on the couch and pulled the tablet to him. As expected, there was a text from Techno. However, the contents of said text were not what he'd been expecting. The preview on the lock screen just read, 'Phil had to leave to...'

Ranboo opened the text to see the rest of the message.

'Phil had to leave town. I'm on my way back but won't be there until tomorrow,' the whole text read.

That wasn't too bad. Ranboo wasn't even hungry yet. Since his growth had decreased, he'd started to get hungry less frequently. Techno still insisted on feeding him every night, but he would easily be able to make it to tomorrow night without being fed.

'That's fine,' Ranboo texted back.

'No,' was the immediate reply. Then, before Ranboo could formulate a response, another text appeared. 'I'm sending Wilbur.'

Ranboo had to pause to digest that. Ranboo... knew of Wilbur. Techno talked about him. Wilbur was Techno's brother both because they shared a sire and because they shared *parents*. More than that, they were identical twins, though Techno was turned at an older age and thus they didn't look as alike as they once had. Which is why Ranboo hadn't recognized they were twins when he'd met him.

And Ranboo had met him exactly once. It had been the night he'd first met Techno. Wilbur had very clearly wanted to tear Ranboo's throat out.

Which had been... fair enough. There had been a turned fledgling in that room, and Wilbur had clearly taken the role of guard to his sire and the freshly turned boy. Ranboo had been of a different coven. Not just that, but one that apparently had attacked the fledgling.

So, yeah, it had been fair enough.

...

But there was probably a reason Ranboo hadn't met Wilbur even once since.

Ranboo bit his bottom lip and then flinched, having forgotten about this size of his own fangs. He grabbed for the box of tissues next to the couch and blotted at the blood. Luckily, he was starting to heal quicker every day, so the cut was already mostly gone after he'd wiped the blood away.

He stared at his phone for a moment longer after balling up the tissue, but he knew if he delayed answering too long, Techno would ask. So, he typed back a quick, 'K'. Ranboo dithered for another moment and then sent another text. 'Do you know when?'

'He says 3:00am,' Techno wrote back, 'so knowing him, you can expect him at 3:45.'

Ranboo sent back a thumbs up and set the tablet aside. That gave him a few hours to prepare at least.

He glanced around the apartment. He kind of wished there was more of a mess he could busy himself cleaning up, but Phil had been feeding him the last few days and Phil... Phil had a tendency to clean things idly and unasked. All that was currently dirty in the apartment was a single knife in the sink Ranboo had used to cut an apple the night before.

He got up and cleaned that knife while casting his mind around for something else to do. He knew if he didn't have any task, he'd drown in nervousness, so he needed to figure something out.

His eyes ended up landing on the bookcase near the window. That bookcase had been empty when he'd moved in, but Techno liked books and he liked sharing books, so he'd frequently buy one of his favorites for Ranboo to have.

Ranboo did his best to try to read them, since Techno giving him a gift that clearly meant a lot to him was the nicest thing Ranboo could remember anyone ever doing for him.

But, well, Techno's taste in books was... long and difficult to say the least. Sometimes they were even in old English, not that he seemed to even realize that Ranboo couldn't possibly read those. He'd even brought him a book in Latin once.

Though even the ones Ranboo could *technically* read, he didn't often understand. Between how hard the texts were and the fact that Ranboo's short term memory sometimes failed him,

he often got to the end of long, long chapters and couldn't remember what had happened at the beginning of them.

He tried his best for Techno, though, and Techno seemed to appreciate his efforts. He was always so pleased when Ranboo brought up an interesting quote from one or mentioned what he thought of the main theme of the text.

Ranboo didn't have the heart to tell him most of the things he said about the books were directly plagiarized from Sparknotes.

Luckily, his books were some of the few things Techno could rant about for hours, so Ranboo could just say a couple of things kind of related to a book and he'd be off, talking more to himself than Ranboo. He liked those times when Techno would talk forever about something at Ranboo... even though sometimes Ranboo had to put in a lot of effort not to fall asleep.

The bookshelves weren't particularly organized. Ranboo tended to just shove the books wherever they fit. He thought Techno might like it if he noticed Ranboo had organized it so Techno's personal favorites were all on the same shelf, and Ranboo had a lot of time to waste, so he put on a YouTube video in the background and started pulling out all of the books.

Ranboo was slow about organizing the books, doing his best to remember which ones Techno had talked about the most. Techno had also given Ranboo a reading journal, which Ranboo used less to take notes on the actual books and more to jot down things from their Sparknotes pages and what Techno said about them. That was helpful in ranking the books by Techno's opinion.

He'd finished reshelving all of the books by the time it was about 2:45am, and decided to sit on the couch until Wilbur arrived.

Unfortunately, 3am passed without Wilbur showing up. Which, Techno had warned him about, but Ranboo wondered if Wilbur was actually just not going to come. That'd be... fine honestly. Ranboo would just tell Techno he'd come and there wouldn't be an issue.

When the window of 3:30-3:45am Techno had given him had passed, Ranboo was almost certain Wilbur had just decided not to come. At 4am, Ranboo let himself relax instead of sitting stiffly on the couch in anticipation, sure Wilbur would not be coming.

At 4:17am, Ranboo had started watching an episode of Parks and Rec on Netflix and his head just about hit the ceiling when he heard the door being unlocked. Panicked, he quickly threw the blanket he'd curled up under off of himself and dove to pause the Netflix.

He was standing awkwardly in the middle of the living room by the time the door opened fully.

Wilbur looked over and scowled immediately upon seeing him. "What?" he asked, sounding annoyed. "Didn't Techno tell you I was coming?"

Ranboo nodded, leery at how irritated he sounded, though his posture wasn't tense enough that Ranboo worried he'd attack or anything.

“Right then, let’s get this over with,” he said, closing the door behind him.

He was wearing a long coat, and it kind of reminded Ranboo of the cape Techno always wore, though Wilbur’s choice definitely fit into the times more seamlessly. He took the coat off to hang it at the door and something about the way he jerked it off of his arms with sharp, frustrated movements made Ranboo’s hackles rise.

Ranboo had been fed by annoyed or angry adult vampires who didn’t want to feed him before. It was never very fun. Back before Techno, it had been easy enough to accept those feedings because he knew he wouldn’t get one anytime soon otherwise. Now, though, his body and mind shied away from it, spoiled with something much kinder.

“What?” he asked again when he turned around from hanging his coat.

Ranboo stared at the other vampire’s feet. “You don’t have to feed me if you don’t want to,” he said. “I won’t tell Techno.”

Wilbur scoffed. “I’m not going to lie and say I give a shit about you kid, but I’m not a fucking monster. Besides, Techno would gut me if I starved you, so let’s just do this and be on our ways.”

Ranboo was surprised by the answer; he’d expected the older vampire to jump on the offer. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. “Where would you like me to sit?” Ranboo asked.

“I don’t care,” Wilbur said impatiently. “Sit wherever you do with Techno and Phil or on the couch or something. Whatever.”

Ranboo nodded slowly and since those options were actually both the same, he backed up to sit on the couch. He didn’t look directly at Wilbur as he approached but watched him in his peripheral. He walked over and sat stiffly on couch next to Ranboo. There was a long pause where Wilbur did nothing, and eventually Ranboo looked up curiously.

The older vampire had his eyes closed and was breathing in and out of his nose. He looked like every muscle in his body was tensed as much as possible. This lasted for a few more moments and then his arm suddenly shot up, almost hitting Ranboo in the nose, but missing it just barely. “Here,” Wilbur said. He still had his eyes clenched closed. “Go ahead.”

Ranboo hesitated, weirded out by the very strange behavior. He almost asked if Wilbur was okay, but then, frustrated with the wait, Wilbur gritted out, “Eat,” and there was enough of an irritated growl to the noise that Ranboo found himself obeying the order without question a moment later.

He tried to be as polite about it as he could be especially because of the tension in the arm he was feeding from. Did it hurt more to be fed from when tense? He imagined it did. Luckily, Ranboo was good at feeding. He’d had to learn quickly how to not piss the person feeding him off by making it uncomfortable or making them bleed more than needed.

He expected it to be over when Wilbur decided he’d had enough, but to Ranboo’s surprise, the arm stayed until he was full. There was no more violence from this feeding than there was

from one with Techno. There was tension and awkwardness, but nothing painful.

At least not for Ranboo.

The arm dropped into the vampire's lap once it was released and Ranboo dared to glance at Wilbur's face. He still had not opened his eyes and to Ranboo's shock and discomfort, a few tears were being squeezed out of the corners.

"Are you alright?" Ranboo asked tentatively.

"Shut up," Wilbur hissed immediately, and Ranboo jumped, but the older vampire still didn't move anything but his lips. "It has nothing to do with you."

Ranboo shut up. His hands twined together nervously. He wanted to do something, but he didn't know what he could do. Even if he did, he doubted it would be appreciated.

Wilbur sat like that for a little over a minute more before his muscles finally, slowly, unclenched. He glanced down at his wrist and turned it over to wipe the blood off on his pantleg, though really most of it was already dried by then.

Ranboo expected him to get up and leave without another word then, but Wilbur surprised him once more. He leaned back slowly against the couch and glanced over at him. They were sitting close enough that their legs just barely brushed each other's.

"Here," he said, pulling out his phone. He opened Spotify and clicked on a playlist before setting the phone on his knee. "We're listening to this."

"Oh. Okay," Ranboo replied.

So, they sat like that for a good half hour with the music playing. Wilbur spent most of the time with his head tilted back to stare at the ceiling. Ranboo couldn't help but study him. He wasn't... actually as terrifying as Ranboo had thought he'd be. In fact, between being his twin and having the same sire, Ranboo's instincts almost forgot Wilbur wasn't Techno a few times.

He wasn't Techno though. He was different. He was also... clearly upset, but like he'd said, it had nothing to do with Ranboo. So, Ranboo could do nothing about it.

Eventually, Wilbur sat up straighter and paused the music. "Alright," he said. "You good if I leave now?"

"Yeah," Ranboo replied. "Can...?"

Wilbur turned to him, an eyebrow raised. He didn't look irritated or impatient at the question. He just looked tired.

"Can I ask why you stayed after feeding me? I get why you fed me, but why did you stick around?"

“You aren’t supposed to leave a fledgling right after a feeding. It’s miserable for them apparently. I wouldn’t know. Phil made sure never to do that to me.”

Oh, Ranboo thought, thinking back. Oh, that explained a lot about the aftermath of all of his feedings before Techno.

“It is miserable,” Ranboo told him softly.

Wilbur looked at him and sighed. “Look,” he said. “I’ve really got to go, but Techno should be on the plane wi-fi by now. Give me your tablet.”

Confused, Ranboo reached over to hand it to him.

Wilbur pushed a few buttons on the tablet.

“What?” a familiar voice said after a few moments. “Wilbur? Why are you calling from Ranboo’s tablet. Why can I see your face?”

Something softened in Wilbur’s face looking down at the tablet. “It’s a video chat, idiot. The app is downloaded on your phone. Get with the 21st century.”

Techno huffed from the other side of the screen. Ranboo peaked over to see him. The room he was in was dark and he looked like he’d already dressed to sleep for the day.

“Anyway, I fed your kid,” Wilbur said, turning the screen to face Ranboo.

“Okay,” Techno said, sounding tired. “That still doesn’t explain why you’re calling me.”

Wilbur plopped the tablet into Ranboo’s lap and stood up. “I’m just telling you I’ve completed my responsibilities and I’m leaving now.”

“I still don’t see why this was not a text message,” Techno said dryly.

Wilbur leaned over to flip off the screen briefly before walking to the door. He didn’t say goodbye to Ranboo. He just left, taking his coat and locking the doors behind him.

Techno was shaking his head when Ranboo turned back to the screen. “You doing alright, kid?”

Ranboo nodded, shifting to curl up with his legs underneath him and the tablet in his lap.

“Wilbur treated you well?” Techno asked.

Ranboo nodded. “He was fine,” he said. “He seemed a bit... upset though. Not at me. Just... upset.”

“Ah,” Techno said, shifting a bit uncomfortably. “Yeah...” Ranboo could tell he knew what Wilbur was upset about, but Ranboo didn’t ask. It wasn’t his business.

He looked down at Techno's face and smiled slightly. He was glad Techno would be back tomorrow. He always missed him when he was gone.

They chatted for a few more minutes before ending the video chat. Amusingly, Techno didn't seem to actually know how, and Ranboo eventually ended up showing mercy and ending the call on his end.

It wasn't until he was about to go to sleep for the day that Ranboo realized he'd drank from all adult members of Techno's coven now. Which meant he'd technically been accepted into Techno's coven even if it wasn't done formally.

That was nice, Ranboo thought.

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It was a month later that Techno came to Ranboo's apartment just as he did every night, but that night was different. When he sat on the couch and offered to feed Ranboo, Ranboo shook his head.

"I don't need that anymore," he said.

There was a pause. "Oh," Techno said. An odd expression crossed his face.

It was bittersweet, thought Ranboo. They had both known Ranboo was probably too far along in his fledglinghood to accept a replacement sire, but when his change had slowed down and gone wonky, there'd been a hope that... Well, it didn't matter now.

"I'll call in an order for human blood in bags for tonight," Techno said. "After you're a bit more settled, I'll get one of our humans to come over and teach you how to feed right."

"Thank you," Ranboo said softly.

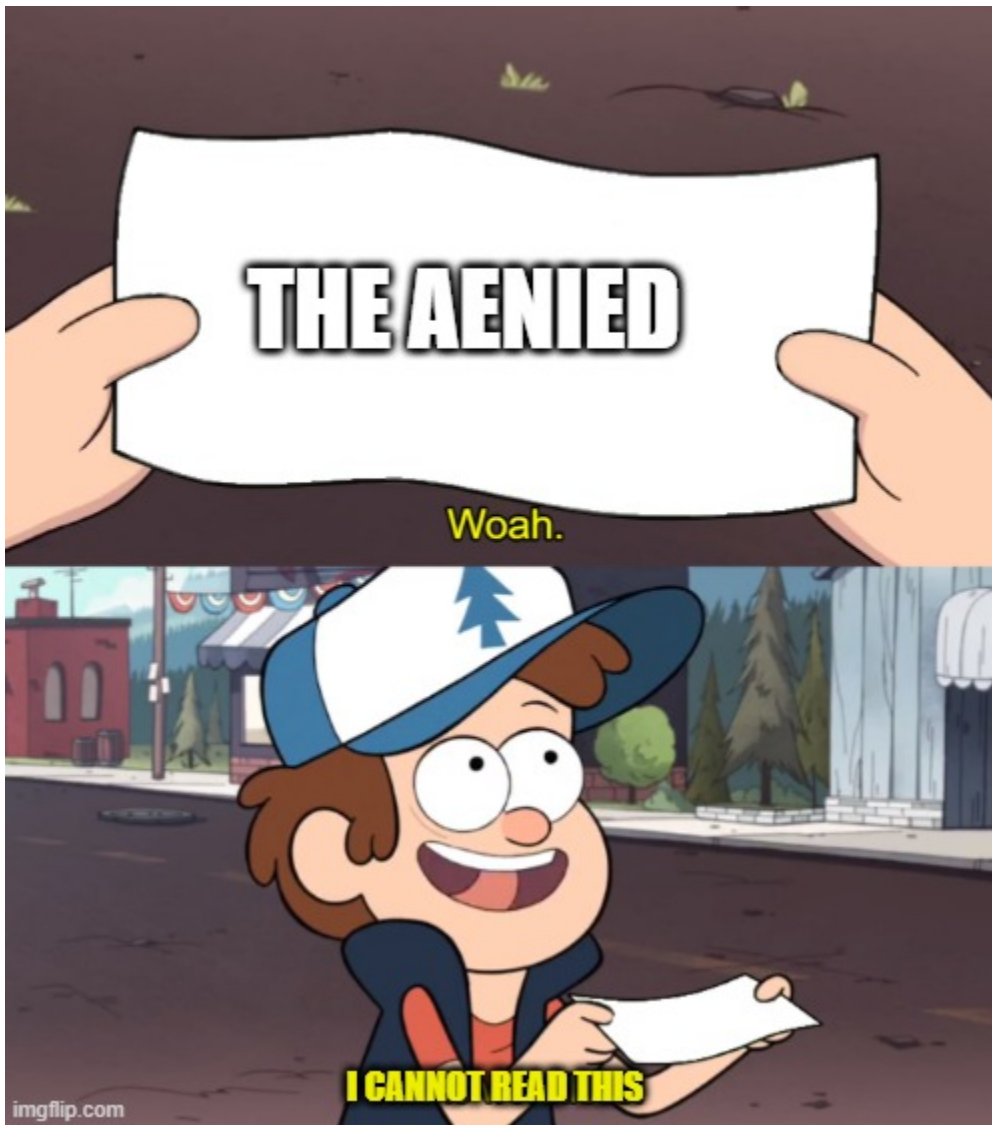
"Of course," Techno said, looking at his hands awkwardly. "We're still..."

"I know," said Ranboo, and he did.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeah, so, anyway, Wilbur was too young to feed a fledgling when Techno got turned, so this is his first time feeding a fledgling...

Yeah...



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

This series is probably going on hiatus for a while. I might eventually come back and write about Wilbur and Techno's turning, but for now this is it!

## End Notes

In recent news about Technoblade, I made a statement regarding if this and my other fics will be continued [here](#). The short answer is yes.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!